LONDON SOCIETY.

FURTHER NOTES ON THE RELATIONS BE-TWEEN SOCIETY AND THE STAGE.

brow the regular correspondent of the innueral London, July 18.

Mr. Irving's place at the head of the dramatic profession in England is so universally conceded that, in what I have been saying about society and the stage, I ought perhaps to have begun with him. The more so as he is an actor, not an actress, and the question of sex has comething to do with the complications which make any accurate statement on such a subject so difficult. Nobody has done more than Mr. Irving to smooth away the distinctions which society used to make, and still makes in a less de-

ighte; yes, and the rest of the world as well. He came to the front at a time when things were still in a transition state; or rather, at an earlier period of that transition from the old to the new which is still going on. He has, as you must know in America, rare social gifts as well as dramatic gifts. In one direction they amount to genius. He saw that not much could be effected by merely accepting what was freely offered him. Invitations of all sorts and from all quarters showered in upon him, and that at a very early date in his extraordinary career. But from the time when fortune as well as fame became his, he preferred the role of host to that of guest. He was destined to be the Amphitryon as well as the Roscius of the profession. He was to be met at smart dinners and in smart country houses, and sometimes even at smart parties, for which he seemed to care little. But his social renown is as an entertainer. The dinners and suppers at the Lyceum, at the Grange, at Richmond, at Oatlands Park, at Greenwich, and elsewhere, have long been famous. When London once understood that the Prince of Wales accepted Mr. Irving's invitations other people were only too eager to accept them. I make no comment on this state of things; society everywhere in the world wants a leader, and London

long since found one in the Heir to the Throne.

of Wales has never, that I heard of, been Mr. Irv-

ing's guest.

so finely are the lines drawn that the Princess

There were reasons in plenty for the kind of prestige that Mr. Irving soon established. " It is not what is on the table but what is on the chairs that I consider." said Mr. Gilbert once upon a time. That was his contribution to the philosophy of dining, and it is a very good one. But the men and even the women of London who dine out prefer, other things being equal, a good dinner to a bad one, and the Lyceum dinners were exceedingly good; and the suppers were better. As for company, there was nobody whom you might not meet -nobody, that is, who was somebody; who brought something to this joint stock entertainment. might be celebrity, or distinction of any kind, or rank, good talk, or agreeableness, or beauty, or fashion, or personal friendship to Mr. Irving, or that quality of American nationality, which in England is sometimes a substitute for all other qualities, and always adds to the value of all others. Royalties-not the Prince of Wales alone by any means-Ambassadors and Ministers, Generals, Statesmen, the nobility of every grade, women of rank and fashion, actresses, actors, painters, men of all arts and professions, even journalists-these and many more have many times figured at these festivities. You may find yourself one of four or five guests, or one of fifty or sixty. In either case, there will be the same attention to detail, the same care in bringing people together-not by any means in assorting them according to any supposed identity of social position, for real success in these experiments is only attained moteness from each other are assembled and allowed to discover that they have interests and sympathies in common. Such experiments are in fact great successes or

great failures. It is Mr. Irving's distinction to have made them great successes. And it is because he has made them great successes that he has done such service to his profession and to society. Did you ever hear why the Garrick Club was founded? There were in those early days benevolent beings who thought it would be a good thing if some resort could be set up where actors should meet gentlemen and learn how to enter a m and how to carry their hats. The most charitable imagination of that time seems not to have gone further than that. Actors were to be tolerated. They were to be admitted on sufferance and favor to the occasional company of their betters. Who among these excellent gentlemen dreamed or could have dreamed that before half s century had passed the invitations of a great actor to dinner would have been coveted by the nearest posterity of these grand seigneurs? It is Mr. Irving's merit, or one of his merits, to have understood his time. It is another that he has from the beginning respected, not only the art which he practises, but the profession of which he is the head: and has known how to make it respected by the rest of the respectable world. If you turn to the other side and look at the

question from the society point of view, much of what I have said of Mr. Irving might be said of Mrs. Jeune, whose name and house have been too often mentioned in print to make it needful to apologize for mentioning them once more. She too has had a marked influence on the development of social intimacies or acquaintances. I do not ever forget, as I said in a former letter, how much stiffer New-York is in such matters than London. But I must ask my readers to judge Londoners by the London standard. Mrs. Jeune never, I think, paid much cours to Mrs. Grundy. The purely conventional has many attractions for others, few or none for her. Her luncheons and linners and parties have been called by people who have not been asked to them miscellaneous. Well, it is true that the people who attend them are not all cut to one pattern, and I dare say if this accomplished hostess were asked, she would answer that she required nothing of her guests except that they should be, for one reason or another and for as many different reasons as possible, interesting. "I always go to Mrs. Jeune when she is good enough to ask me," said a certain great lady. " I do not know whom I shall meet, but I know I shall not be bered."

Her remark recalls a story which I turn aside to tell because the two together are a measure of the advance which London society has made within thirty years; not only toward the stage but toward whatever is most enlightened and most liberal. A woman famous in her time was the old Duchess of Cleveland, now dead, She sat down one day to dinner at a very great house and for the first time in her life remarked a man whose face she did not know. She said to her host: .

" Who is that man?"

" That is Mr. Leighton."

" Who is Mr. Leighton?" "Oh, a very rising young artist whose picture you saw to-day in the Academy."

Her Grace of Cleveland brooded a moment on this startling announcement, then, very gravely: What strange people you do ask to meet us!" The unknown Mr. Leighton is now Sir Frederick

Leighton, president of the Royal Academy-which might be nothing in the eyes of this grande dame of an earlier generation-and-which would be much to her-of a social position long since assured and conspicuous. If you can imagine a grande dame of to-day putting such a question about, for example, Mr. Irving, her comment would have been, "How does it happen I have never met him before?"

But if Mrs. Jeune's name is one of the first to occur when this ameliorating process, as between fr stage and society, is discussed, it is very far indeed from being the only one about which a creat deal might be written. I say nothing of hemia proper; or improper. It never had much ce; it now has less than ever. Mrs. Jeune have done little, with all her eleverness, had iting list been restricted to those outlying institutes outlandish parts. But it may be you to know that she comes of an ancient shorable Scotch family, that her brother ace; it now has less than ever. Mrs. Jeune ild have done little, with all her eleverness, had visiting list been restricted to those outlying sometimes outlandish parts. But it may est you to know that she comes of an ancient

possesses a castle, that her sister is Julia, Marchioness of Tweeddale, that her husband is an eminent Queens Counsel and the son of a late Bishop of Peterborough, that her former husband was brother to the late Lord Stanley of Alderley, and that a ducal coronet was once laid at her feet which she did not care to put on her head. She reckons among her friends whole sections of London society, and these among the most important. Princes and Princesses, the Prime Minister and his Cabinet, the Archbishop and his Bishops, Ambassadors, Duchesses-I need not continue the familiar catalogue, but they are as much a feature at the house in Wimpole-st. as the artists and actors and actresses. And the feature of all others is that the most different sets are asked not separately and successively but together and to the same dinners and parties. Her house is not typical; there is only one Mrs. Jeane, but in measuring the flow of the tide her gree, between itself and the world beyond the foot-

house is for this purpose at high water mark. Dozens of other houses, many of them far various social vintages may be seen in many stages of completeness. Lady Hayter, I should think, seldom gives a large party where Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, Mrs. Arthur Cecil, and others of their comrades are not to be seen. Lady Dorothy Neville's luncheons are so many institutions-I hope that is good American. Lady Ardilaun's name will occur to every one as another hostess who rejoices in good company without reference to anything but its goodness. The whole Rothschild family is of a liberal mind in the same matter, and I may go so far as to say that it was at Lady Rothschild's that the Patti incident, of which I wrote lately, occurred. Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild's evenings in Piccadilly have a character of thier own; so have M. Alfred de Rothschild's in Seamore Place. The smartest of the smart world and the best of the art world (which includes the theatre, of course.)-who are, perhaps, smartest in the American sense-fill those delightful rooms, filled as they are already with priceless pictures and porcelain. Beside Mr. Irving, his inseparable Achates, Mr. Toole, Mr. Charles Wyndham, Mr. Hare, Mr. Beerbohm Tree and other actors of mark might be named whose faces are familiar in one or all of these mansions, and in many more. When Mr. Booth or Mr. Lawrence Barrett comes over from America they, too, are

I hesitate to sum up this whole subject as I meant to when I began. There is still one large branch of it which I have left untouched, a branch on which there are golden apples that touched might turn to ashes. If I hinted in a former letter that something ought to be said about actresses as well as actors-about other actresses than those already mentioned-it was in a moment of rashness of which I have repented.

THE NEWPORT OF LONG ISLAND.

SOUTHAMPTON AND ITS VARIED ATTRAC-TIONS.

Southampton, L. I., Aug. 4 .- Southampton lies in one of those green cases that render the south side of Eastern Long Island so delightful, and appear the more inviting because in marked contrast with the sand and scrub oak of the interior. There are two other, insomuch so that it is difficult to draw the line and consequently when the crash of demarcation. The wide, elm-shaded main street, a mile long, with its windmill, its 1,648 houses and thrown out of work, matters became serious, ancient sign posts, is old Southampton, a Connecticut of famished and desperate-looking men flocked down village with a history of 250 years. A few steps to from the Esquiline Hill, on which the laboring the westward lies Lake Agawam, its banks lined with handsome villas and cottages, the heart of new Southampton, the summer colony. "A small detachment of Newport flung down on the shore of Long Island," it stores have been plundered by the starving wretches has been called, and certainly suggests a corner of and numerous conflicts-some of them attended by Newport, or more marked by the English Brighton. bloodshed-have taken place between the mob and The new town forms an exceedingly interesting study in sociology. Without special attractions and without strictness of the press censorship begun by Signor advertisement it has become within ten or tweive Crispi, no telegraphic dispatches on the subject have when people remarkable for their apparent re- years the wealthiest and most aristocratic resort on been allowed to leave the country.) Even at the the Long Island coast. Its quaintness, its historical present moment special measures have had to be associations, its accessibility by rail, its proximity to adopted by the authorities for the safety of all stores the ocean, the green fields in close juxtaposition, the and shops where food is sold. breezy Shinnecock Hills, the facilities for still-water bathing, sailing and fishing afforded by Peconic Bay, difficulty by shipping huge batches of these unemployed first attracted the ploneer visitors, who were people of culture and talent as well as wealth. These being settled here invited their friends, who were usually so well pleased that they purchased sites and became residents. And so, unnoticed by the world, South-ampton, like Topsey, "just growed." How rapid her even a greater danger to the community than at Rome, growth has been is best shown by the advance in land values within the last ten years. Land that sold in 1880 for \$300 an acre is now held at from \$1,500 to at length that some radical step must be taken to \$5,000; the last acre sold reached the latter figure. solve the difficulty and avert the peril caused by the The town is now growing along with the times, and land there comparatively valueless ten years ago is now worth 82,500 per acre.

As at the first, the best people continue to come to Southampton. Of the New-Yorkers who are actual residents may be named Judge John R. Brady, the Hon. Salem H. Wales, Dr. Gaillard Thomas, Dr. Delafield, Dr. Thomas Markoe, Elihu Root, J. Hampden Robb, the Rev. Dr. Rainsford, Professor H. H. Boye sen, William P. Douglas, Robert Oliphant, James G. K. Duer, David P. Ogden, Frederick H. Betts, Duncan Cryder, Charles T. Barney, H. A. Murdock, Arthur J. Peabody, J. Lawrence McKeever, Francis Bacon, Charles A. Peabody, jr., James Townsend, Judge Henry E. Howland, Edward H. Mocrae, James Stohrs, B. Aymer Sands, Joel B. Erhart, Mrs. Alfred Schermerhorn, Alexander Morton, Charles Henderson, Jame F. Ruggles, Charles C. Haight, Edward H. Kendall, Judge Kilbreth, Carlos de Garmendia, Mrs. S. Sidney Harris (author of "Rutledge"), John Jay, John Stewart, Edmund Coffin, jr., Dr. Gabriel Grant and Robert N. Robertson. Seventy new cottages ranging in cost from \$40,000 down to \$10,000 have been erected since

1880. of Southampton, and pleases the visitor by its marked contrasts. Down the wide village street in the afternoon files a long and varied procession. First, per haps, a creaking wain piled high with hay or grain, then my lady's carriage with burnished panels and coachman and footman in livery, next a dog cart with an American maiden and an English lord side by side, then bronzed and hirsute farm-laborers in shirtsleeves and overalls, then my little Lord Fauntleroy behind his Shetland pony, proud as a prince with little Miss Sweet Marjoram by his side; next a herd of staid, motherly cows, then more family coaches, then a great carryall filled with an excursion party from Bridgehampton or Sag Harbor; and so in endless succession until the harvest moon rises over the tree tops and the ghosts of Southampton beach slide out from under the imprisoning wrecks, and float down to take the places of the living.

Lake Agawam is another famous thoroughfare, but one sacred to the city folks. It is a long, narrow sheet of water formed by hidden springs, lying at right angles to the ocean, and extending through the heart of the summer colony to lose itself in the sand dunes of the sea. The finest cottages are built on its banks, and on its bosom are row boals and sali boats to float the happy voyagers back and forth.

Southampton has its club, of course, the Meadow

Club, which owns ten level acres at the foot of the lake, a large club house, a tennis court, ball grounds, It has also certain unique features not common to summer resorts. At the foot of the lake, for instance, is an old windmill, metamorphosed into a dwelling and tenanted by two ladies; a brass field piece on its porch is aimed point blank at the sand hills. trained, no doubt, against the viewless squadrons that in the "wee sma' hour" charge upon the town Right here, too, under the dunes, is a quaint little chapel that the summer colony attends in a body

chapel that the summer colony attends in a body, without regard to sect or previous spiritual condition. It was originally a lifesaving station, and was built partly of wrecks. But as the colony grew the church people secured it for their chapel. Wings and a chancel have since been added, and it has now a seating capacity of some two hundred. The Rev. Dr. Rainstord, it is said, will officiate this summer.

Surf bathing is still practised here, for Southampton beach affords rare facilities. It is one of the finest beaches on the Atlantic coast. Bread, firm, smooth, it stretches from Shinnecock Inlet to Montauk Chiffs, and includes the famous beaches of Bridgehampton. Easthampton, and Amagansett. Grisley wreeks protrude above the sands at intervals, rare railying points for the imagination, and on some prominent dune stands the mast that once flew the well, sole memento of that thoroughly organized industry, the off-shore whaling companies, which won some of its greatest triumpis on these beaches, and formed the school from which, in time, was graduated the American whaleman. The Connecticut settlers of Southampton organized themselves into squadrons of from twelve to fifteen men each for the purpose of capturing the whales then plentiful along the coast. When the "weft," a bush or a fisherman's coat, waved from the signal pole, the whole village was galvanized into action. To the cry of "Whale off the Whale off the men, women and children left their avocations and flew across the fields to the beach, where the crews quickly launched the

OVERFLOWING ITALY.

AMERICA THREATENED WITH A HOST OF

PAUPER IMMIGRANTS. FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.] Rome, July 17.

An enormous influx of Italian immigrantsgreater than any which has yet taken place -may be looked for within the next few weeks in the United States, and Americans will scarcely pleased to know that for extremely urgent reasons the Italian Government is mementarily promoting and financially assisting the exodus of its pauper bordes to "Greater Britain."

The fact is that the immense building craze, which has ruined Rome artistically and profoundly compro-mised the present and future resources of the city, has been brought to a sudden close by the financial collapse of the speculators, and by the most colossal and widespread bankruptcy. The mania began a few years after the transfer of the seat of the Italian Government to Rome, when the sudden increase of greater, might be named where this blending of the population due to the influx of the crowd of officials, employes, speculators and hangers-on of the Court and Government caused for the moment a great demand for quarters. The building craze infected all classes of the population, from the highest to the lowest, the municipality and the great financial Institutions of the country being the most to blame in the matter. A small and altogether inadequate estimate of the insane extravagance displayed by the speculators may be gathered from the fact that there are now built and unoccupied in the new quarters of the city houses enough to accommodate from150,000 to 200,000 people. In order to realize fully the gravity of the above statement, it must be borne in mind that Rome is a comparatively small city with a population of but a little over 300,000, all told, with no manufactories nor facilities for them, no trade and no port.

The banks and Credit Foncier establishments at length became alarmed and refused the other day to continue to discount the paper of the building contractors or to advance money on mortgages of real estate within the city boundaries. The result has and the throwing out of work of thousands upon thousands of skilled and unskilled laborers. While the building bubble had lasted, the latter had been attracted to Rome by the promise of high wages from all parts of the country, and especially from the Central and Southern provinces, where penury is great, and where the people have difficulty in keeping body and soul together. The average wages per day in these agricultural districts do not exceed half a lire (that is about ten cents in United States currency), no work being done, however, on national or church holidays or on days when it rains. The prospect of earning a franc or even two francs (50 cents) a day as laborers at Rome, was, of course, more than sufficient to induce them to break up their homes, desert their native villages, and flock to the Eternal City in tens of thousands. Not that their life in Rome was any more luxurious

than that which they had left behind them. Huddled together more like cattle than human beings in small, foul-smelling rooms, compared to which their New-York tenements are splendid apartments; clothed in filthy rags, living on a crust of sour bread, a miserable cheeserind and a rotten apple, they cheerfully submit to almost any privation in order to be able to send every week a portion of their meagre wages to the old folks left behind in the native village, who, too old and feeble to work, look to their absent children for their daily bread. Living thus from hand to mouth, but little money could be spared to be put aside for a rainy day, came laborers were suddenly classes chiefly congregate, and marched through the the police. (I may add, incidentally, that owing to the

At first the Government attempted to meet the laborers back to their native villages at public expense. But it was soon perceived that the remedy evil. For arriving there was even worse than the without a penny in their pockets, to find their old How rapid her even a greater danger to the community than at Rome, body of unemployed and famshed wretches, Signor Crispi and his Cabinet have decided that since Italy's colonial empire is still in an embryo condition, the only thing to be done is to get rid of this starving mob by emigration to the United States. With this object in view the Government is itself furnishing the funds for the conveyance of its pauper population to America.

Of course, the crisis at Rome has not been confined within the city boundaries. Its effects have been felt in a disastrous manner throughout the length and breadth of the Kingdom. The cessarion of all building operations at the capital has had the result of ruining a large number of thriving mase factures in the provinces and in throwing many thousands of hands out of work. The money market, scared by the disastrous effects of too extensive speculation, has drawn in its horns, and even the best kind of security is looked upon askance. The consequence is that failures and bankruptcies have lately been taking place on all sides, and the distress is widespread.

What makes matters much worse is the fact that the Socialist agitators have availed themselves of the prevalent misery to east their nets abroad and to spread their insidious doctrines among the poor, starving wretches.. With this immense force of desperate men behind them, the leaders of the Socialist movement have become more than ever a menace to the State, and have actually been able within the last few days to scare the Government into granting a pardon to the notorious revolutionist and assassin, Cloriani. This ruffian, who until a few days age was in prison, working out a sentence of twenty years' penal servitude for a three-fold murder, has been several times elected on the Socialist and Labor ticket to the Chamber of Deputies, without, of course, being able to take his seat. His career is one of the wildest and most adventurous on record. deserted from the Army in 1862, in order to join the insurrectionary force at Aspromonte, under Garibaldi. After the defeat and capture of his chief he fled to Egypt. While there he had a quarrel with a countryman of his, Santini, and the dispute leading to blows Cipriani drew his knife and killed his adversary. Pursued by two of the police, he turned upon them and stabbed them to the heart. Making good his escape to Greece, he joined the insurrectionary force under Flourens in Crete. Subsequently he went to London, spent some time there with Italian conspirars, and then in 1871 joined the Paris Commune, in which he took a leading part. Arrested at its fall, he was sent to New-Caledonia, where he remained in penal servitude for ten years. When the amnesty was proclaimed he returned to France, but was soon expelled for participating with Louise Michel in some volutionary meeting. Some time afterward a group of Italian Anarchists, including, as usual, some police spies, who were anxious to provoke a movement so as to capture some dangerous persons, invited Ciprian to cross the frontier into Italy, for the purpose of leading an insurrectionary force, which they made him believe was ready to put itself under his direction. Cipriani fell into the trap, was at once arrested by the Italian police and a political prosecution began. While this was proceeding the Italian Consul at Alexandria, hearing of the case, sent over all the details concerning the stabbing of Santini and of the two constables. The Italian Government thereupon at once abandoned the political prosecution in favor of eriminal suit for the triple murder, and for this Cipriani was sentenced by the Italian tribunals to twenty years' penal servitude. This is the man, then, who, in Italian labor and Socialist circles, is looked upon as a patriot and a martyr, and who, as one of the chiefs of the movement, is regarded by the Italian laborers who go over to America as their ideal hero.

With reference to the present emigration to the United States, it is only fair to add that in the circumstances the Prime Minister is acting with the utmost reluctance. The emigration question, indeed, is one of the most serious and urgent ones now before the Italian Government, and has exercised a potent in fluence on the policy of the last two Cabinets. The exodus to foreign lands has assumed the most alarming proportions in Italy. Of the 28,000,000 souls who

siderably over 3,000,000 living in foreign lands, whose force of production and industry is thus entirely lost to their native country. And instead of diminishing the numbers of these emigrants are increasing all the time, over 100,000 having salled from the port of Genoa alone during the last year. The attractions of a life with big wages, no compulsory military service and no direct taxation, prove irresistible to people, who, in the southern part of the kingdom at least, are assessed for taxes to an amount equal to 30 per cent

of their income. The great aim of Signor Crispi's policy is to obtain for his country a colony into which he may direct the flow of emigration, so that instead of its being a source of weakness to the Nation, it may, like England's colonies, become a source of strength. It was with this object in view that the otherwise inexplicable Massowah expedition was undertaken, costing Italy so longing to Baron Hirsch. The setting is in the many lives and so much money. Crispi is determined to turn the adjoining highlands of Abyssinia with the

The result has | As I write the music from the ball-room reaches me, been the sudden cessation of all building operations, but through the open window I see, beyond the blue

pictures, in which nothing was brighter and more joyous than the young college men with me, assistants on the survey.

It was afternoon when our boats grated against the shore, and Alvah Dunning and nine men met us to assist upon the portage. Knapsacks were shouldered and we took the trail into the forest. We had marched scarcely thirty minutes when a shout was raised: "A bear in the trail! Keep still! Keep back! Where's the

nough were displayed to intimidate a party of banditti. The Winchester rifle, with sixteen bright iges in it, went quickly to the front, but the startled bear discreetly ran away, leaving his huge tracks in black, wet muck of the trail, to aid the old guide in estimating his size and weight. Now the trail began to ascend steep slopes; and shoulders unused to knapsack straps made the march less a work of fun to newmets. Frequent stops were made at the clear mountain springs, and we marched on until, near dark, the white canvas of the tents-pitched the week before by an advance guard—came into sight.

Tents floored deeply and richly with soft fragrant

balsam boughs; blazing camp-fires lighting up the forest; a rustle table under an open tent; our good cook, Brown, busy at his work, his assistants cutting firewood and serving the meal, all these were a welcome sight to our weary company. Dinner was finished by the light of paraffine tapers, and then we drew near the fire to listen to the guide's stories of adventures, of wild-beasts and game, and later we spread our com fortable blankets upon the deep, soft couches of balsam, and sank into dreamless slumbers, lulled at first by the hoot of owl and the clear musical notes of the wood-thrush-the Adirondack nightingale.

Morning glides in upon one in the Adirondack forest, by the faint twitterings of awakening songsters. brook, that played softly over its bed of dark, mossy rocks, and could be heard murmuring in the night w seems silent; its song is lost among the rustling of leaves and the music of the birds. A bath in the clear, pure water of Scargeant's Pond

-huge bass flashing frightened away from the sandy shoals-and we were ready for breakfast with Adirondack appetites. Delicious not bescuits, fresh from the tin oven by the camp fire, excellent butter, fried ham, ca and coffee, cakes, syrup and apple-sauce were the 'hardships' we were first called upon to encounter. Venison was not yet in season and our guides had been too busy with pack-carrying to furnish us with fish as yet. After breakfast, old Alvah Dunning, expert all the ways of the woods, was directed to carry his light canoe boat-in weight scarcely fifty poundsout to a lake to make his solitary search for speckled trout. Meanwhile, refreshed and invigorated by bath and breakfast, the survey party made their way through the forest southward, in search of an ancicorner tree marking an important division of State lands from the recent possessions of the lumbermen. Our search led us along the shores of a dark pool-a marsh lake-whose wide margins were one dense mass of trembling sphagnous moss; a wet spongy carpet of vivid green and red and yellow, rich with wild water plants whose bloscoms gave fragrance to the air Blackly above the lake arose the ledges of a mountain, all reflected and mirrored in the waters. The summit of one craig showed to trained eyes the figure of the rustic signal tripod erected there six years ago by my orders, a triangulation station of the Adfrondack Surve which would serve to give us the latitude and longitude of the State land corner that we sought.

At last we found it. In a rocky dell of the dense forest, a gigantic yellow birch reared its scaly trunk, limbless to a great height, before it branched and spread into a mass of foliage, vivid green in the noon sunlight that came through the tree tops. Around this gigantic birch other old trees were clustered, and

this gigantic birch other old trees were clustered, and now we noticed that nearly every one bore some strange sear—witness marks made by men who searched these forests 116 years ago.

It is a noble tree, this birch. Its bark bears scars and marks and numbers cut there before the American Republic existed. It fluttered those leaves of vivid green as brightly and as merrily when George the Third was King as it does to-day. Yes! long before that this giant tree had lived its quiet life; before Braddock had failen in the ambuscade near the Monongahela; before Wolfe scaled the Heights of Abraham; perhaps when Cronwell swept the Royal army before him along Marston Moor—this tree was breathing the pure Adirondack air. We read the old inscriptions on the bark—a tow awkwardly made figures—and traced out the lines. Then the "chain men" began their work. At evening we reached camp again, to find old Alvah with a huge string of speckled trout and the cook spreading for us a feast which the leisure of the day had enabled him to arrange. Another blazing campfire; songs by the college lads; stories of adventure by the old hunters, and we sank to sleep once more upon the soft couches of balsam in Camp Seargeant.

From The Chicago Tribune. "I tell yuh," said the man with the sombrero, "t is no country like Texas fur a live young man. I wen that ten year ago 'thout a cent in my pocket, an' know what I'm a talkin' sbout." "Pretty well fixed now, are you?" inquired a by

stander.
"Well fixed? I've got the golwhoppinest pack o' hounds that ever chawed a horsethief?"

From The Minneapolis Tribune.

The race started, but Williams and Heffelfinger knew little or nothing of the intricacles involved in the management of the double shell which they were pulling, and in consequence when the first half mile had been covered they caught a heavy crab, and the boat being overturned both ambitious young mariners were plunged into the water. Libby was unaware of the accident until a quarter mile ahead, when happening to turn his head he saw his two opponents swimming for shore lowing the boat with them. He rowed back to them and towed Heffelfinger to shore, where a large throng had assembled, watching the affair. A row boat went out for Williams. After he had been towed almost to shore he stopped and swam back for a distance. He was seen to dive and remain under water for a while, and when he came up he held up something in his left hand remarking. "By Jove, I got it, anyway."

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE'S GIFT-ROYAL

INTERMARRIAGES.

FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE. Paris, July 21.

The fan which the Empress Eugenie sends to the Princess Letitia as a wedding gift has too It is like the skeleton at the Egyptian feast and should be a remimder of the fragility of human greatness. The subject on the fan is the first drawing from Nature of the dead Prince Imperial. It represents a summer house in the garden of his before it. grandmother, the Countess de Montijo, now bereliquary style, the two outer parts of the fan being thick with precious stones, arranged as one

he is so narrow-minded, so melancholy, so scrofulous, and such a frightful person to behold! I own that he looks as though he were

of perpetual headache and "blues" when she was young; and the roughness of her spouse while she lived with him did not conduce to brighten her up. As she lived in a narrow round of religious observances, I do not suppose she has idea of the natural immorality the marriage of her daughter with her own brother.

"The Princess Letitia," writes to me from Turin a lady who is in a position to be well informed, " has her mother's hair, with, however, a more Venetian tinge of auburn. She has a ruddier complexion. I should call her a fine girl, and she is very like her brothers Victor and Louis, but more agreeable looking than either. From what I hear she has high and buoyant spirits, though brought up in the severest manner. The ladies who are to form her household are not yet chosen. Great has been the competition for places in it. Princess Clotilde will not hear of any who are not gloomily religious and prudish. She wants to surround her daughter with a parcel of duennas, enough to freeze her young blood in her veins. If the future Duchess of Aosta takes after the ladies of the Bonaparte family, she will break bounds. Pauline, her great-aunt, you know, kept a court of love wherever she went, and Pauline's other great niece, Madame Rattazzi, a modern professor of the gay science, wrote much amorous poetry, but was the subject of a great deal more and still inspires the French painters as Pauline

reportions in Italy. Of the 28,000,000 souls who, coording to the most recent census, constitute the opulation of King Humbert's kingdom, it has been diculated that there are at the present moment conmy glass eye." By Jove, I got it, anyway.

Thing in his left hand remarking. "By Jove, I got it, anyway."

Got what?" said the man in the rewboat who was out for Williams's rescue. "Found a pear!?"

Found nothing," said Williams. "I've recovered and Councillors-General are to the fore. Books and Councillors-General are to the fore. Books so

THE BONAPARTE WEDDING in splendid bindings are piled upon tables, and there are many wreaths in artificial laurel, Mothers are in their best, and fathers are in their Sunday clothes. The whole scene is full of exhilaration. Parents, if their children are at all rewarded, are sure to weep with joy, and the fatted calf is sure to be killed for youngsters who gain nothing. It may be killed at home or at a restaurant. There is nothing of the sort for the melancholy an interest to be an appropriate one. girls, who go through examinations and the receiving of prizes with closed doors. The idea of graduate gowns has not yet taken root, so far as I know, in any French brain. But if once it were started, I have no doubt that it would carry all E. C.

ONE OF NAPOLEON'S ENCUMBRANCES.

Paris letter in The Chicago Tribune.

with this object in the was understaken, senting last was assumed to linear the adjoints Melhands of Abysaths with the fettile province of Boches and its prospersus capital form of Kern, into a great Italian colony. France's fettile province of Boches and its prospersus capital town of Kern, into a great Italian colony. France's fettile province on the part of the Common Government may likewise serve to explain the extraordinary conduct of the Italian Consulfers are in the assistant most entire at the Italian Consulfers and the Statian most entire of the italian colony. The construction is used in the situation of entire of the italian colony of the statian town of entire of the italian colony. The construction is the statian most entire of the italian colony of the state of the statian town of the capital town of the statian that it is the province of the part of the italian colony. The colon is the state of the statian that is the province of the part of the italian colony of the province of the part of the italian colony of the part of the italian colon is the province of the part of the italian colon is the province of the part of the italian colon is the province of the part of the italian colon is the province of the part of the italian colon is the province of the part of the italian colon is the province of the part of the italian colon is the part of the italian colon is the province of the part of the italian colon is the part of the italian colon is

ANOTHER FALL OF SEBASTOPOL.

I own that he looks as though he were determined to make the best of his ugliness, and there is a graciousness in his manner which in a degree redeems it. Otherwise, he might serve as a warning against consanguineous marriages, which were always taking place in the elder line of his house until it died out, and have been too much the rule in the younger one—a rule which, by-the-by, he himself broke through in marrying the Princess Vittoria della Cisterna.

Since the line of Savey-Carignan mounted the throne of Sardinia there has been a reversion to that degeneration from which they were escaping by not making matrimonial alliances with those few Royal and Imperial Catholic houses which formed the closest connection that was ever known in the world. Hence the recoil in point of health and looks of Victor Emmanuel's children to types used up by in-and-in marriages, and the outbreak in them of that malady which the king's touch was formerly supposed to cure. I recollect Dr. Reyer, who was the medical attendant at the Palais Royal, saying that the sons and daughters of Victor Emmanuel were all troubled in pressively in the place has to a certain degree prospered greatly daring recent years. It is impossible, however, to read great commercial centres at will. Sebastopol bas never really possessed a class of first class of Victor Emmanuel were all troubled in pressively in the place has to a certain degree prospered greatly daring recent years. It is impossible, however, to read great commercial centres at will. Sebastopol bas never really possessed a class of first class and her sister-in-law, the Queen of Philip V of Spain, realistic accounts of whose tumors and glandular swellings are to be found in the correspondence of Madame de Maintenon and the Princess des Ursins. The Princess Clotitide had a neck which looked goitrous, and was a cause of perpetual headache and "blues" when she were subject to the great of selectively decided the great and the roughness of her spouse while dependent on the temporary permission of the naval and military powers which have virtually controlled the place, and it is for this reason that, despite the immense profits realized of late years in the grain export trade of Schastopol, these merchants and agents have never embarked a rouble in the erection of magazines and stores, but have hired the Government granaries and magazines, or allowed their grain awaiting shipment to accumulate temporarily on the open whaves, and protected it as best they might from the elements. Their economy and prudent foresight appear to have been well grounded in the result. Now it appears the Government, acting upon the advice of the naval and military administrations, have decided to exclude all maritime commerce from the South Ray, which in future will be reserved to the Imperial navy. This exclusion is equivalent to a suspension of the cereal exports from Sebastopol. The maritime commerce of Sebastopol will certainly be transferred to Theodosia by coast, which is only four hours sail further eastward. This transfer will no doubt be easily and rapidly accomplished. The ancient Kaffa, at one time notorious as the greatest slave market between Europe and Asia, possesses natural advantages highly inducive to its future eminence as a Black Sea port of the Taurida. It will be necessary only to construct a branch line of railway from Djankol, on the Lozoff Sebastopol, it will be seen that the new port of Theodosia will be reached from the interior with a saving of forty-nine versity of railway transit. Besides this advantage, Theodosia itself is situated in the most fertile region of the peninsula, rich in export products of many kinds. A good road connects Theodosia will kertch, a distance of only ninety versits, or about sixty English miles, and the former port, there will be every incentive to the raily deconnection of Theodosia and Kertch by rail. A glance at the map will convince any one that under these circumstances Theodosia is destined to become in future a flourishing i

THE CHAIRS OF GREAT PEOPLE.

poetry, but was the subject of a great deal more and still inspires the French painters as a Palline did Canova. I hear that half the goldesess exhibited at the last Salon were done in remembrance of her charms by painters who thought her at one time the lovliest woman in Europe."

Among the studious young women of the United States gradualing gowns are a more anxious subject at the end of the scholastic year than even weeding dresses. Most of the girls who expect diplomas are in a flutter as to what they shall wear on the day on which they are to receive them.

French girls brought up at high schools have no such causes for sweet trepidation. Their right to be educated in a way to strengthen and to fill their brains is admitted by the Republic; and M. Camille See, the great champion of that right, as few years after he carried the statute which provides for the creation of lyceums for French girls, has the satisfaction of seeing them in active operation, as shown by the existence of establishments in most of the chief country towns. But no provision has been made to keep with festivity the close of the scholastic year and for the awarding of prizes at these establishments. Not even the fathers and mothers of the young women are invited to the ceremonial which marks the break-up of the classes and the beginning of vacation. In the boys' high schools there is much exciting and stimulating pomp. A great room in the Lyceum, or it may be the court-yard, with an awning overhead, is arranged for the solemnity. The walls are garlanded and trophics are placed in a few years and for "old boys," who, having greatly distinguished themselves since they left school, to have been invited to come and deliver crations for hand the university authorities, who are to be present, and for "old boys," who, having greatly distinguished themselves since they left school, to have been invited to come and deliver crations for hand the prize-books to those who won them. A platform, covered with red cloth and fresh with green plates and

RELIEVES THE FEELING OF LASSITUDE common in mid-summer, and imparts vitality.